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HONOLULU.**ON ROAD TO FAIRYLAND****Moving Picture of Mountains,  
Rushing Waters, Blooming  
Flowers, Homes, Gardens**

(Continued from Page 1)

epituous bluffs. Yes, the peaks are green to their utmost heights. How beautiful it is to look away to the summit of that mountain which uplifts so grandly above the narrow ridge that skirts the valley on the left. They call it Haupu. Please pronounce it Hah-o-o-poo, and then wonder why any one ever gave such a homely name to such a beautiful mountain. For it gives a sense of grandeur in sunshine or rain. Its summit is usually covered with a white cloud. It throws its fleecy film around it and mantles it as a piece of art lace might adorn millady bound for an evening party. Clouds sweeping by always stoop to kiss its summit as as a man bends down to kiss a maid.

**Some Mountain Climbs**

To walk along that very narrow ridge that stretches away toward the southwest is a treat which has been enjoyed by few; for the sides of the cliffs are everywhere precipitous, and there are very few points indeed, where one can climb through the dense forest with its wilderness of tangled vines and tall grasses. And when one reaches the summit, he finds that he must descend to the bottom of the cliff and make his way through the brush and heavy undergrowth till he reaches a point where he can climb to the top of the ridge again by hauling himself up from vine to vine or brush to brush. But the view is worth all its costs to reach the giddy heights. It is, however, dangerous work.

Down the winding road, again, around the shoulder of the hillside to another rushing stream. See the little homes along the banks, with their ever-present vegetable gardens, the row of bananas, perhaps a few pineapples, and the mango trees umbrageous. Cows feed along the little meadows, nor deign to notice the stream to autos going by.

**Pineapples Gladly Growing**

But what are those rows of green that reach around the hillside, yonder? Those are pineapples, yellowing for the cannery over the hill. They are planted more closely in the row, here, than down in Florida. There they plant widely, as they market the crop fresh, while here the fruit is canned, and if the plants were given room, they would be twice as large as necessary for canning purposes, and there would be too much waste. Even as it is, the thick paring goes to waste. Efforts have been made from time to time to find a use for this by-product, but none of them have been crowned with success. The Dole company put up a very fine pineapple juice, which made an attractive and healthful summer drink, but some way the business was never very profitable. That was the pure pineapple juice. Now a Honolulu firm is putting up the pineapple juice with a syrup added, and it is marketed under the name of "Pinecar."

**The Stream From Afar**

But where did this rushing stream come from which comes across the valley in an unnatural direction? Oh, that is a stream that was brought down this way from up toward the summit of Waielele. Water was needed to irrigate the cane fields of Koloa, and a tunnel was driven through the mountain for a distance of six thousand feet in order to bring the life-giving stream to that portion of the island where the rainfall is not so great. For it should not be forgotten that sugar cane consumes a great deal of moisture. And this stream of water increased crops in the Koloa section to such an extent as to make the cost of tunnels and ditches seem like a mere bagatelle.

**The Pictured Scene**

Oh, the wooded canyon, the rushing stream, the green slopes, the stately mountains with the clouds hanging over, the green fields of cane stretch down the gentle slope, smoke up-curling from the tall smokestacks of factory mills, and beyond, the shimmering sea.

Now we glide adown the road between the rows of hau trees, with the brilliant yellow flowers, and the lilies springing up by the roadside. And now we turn into the little lane that leads over to Koloa, with its little homes hidden away under the evergreen trees. The flaming hibiscus, with its showy scarlet blossoms growing along the fences. The little stream, with its garden patches, and the children playing near.

Koloa village is an interesting place, with its rows of little shops owned by the Japanese and Chinese. There are two large stores, carrying large stocks of general merchandise. A. Buchholz is a kamaaina, and is thoroughly acquainted with the island and island conditions. The Koloa Trading Company's store is managed by A. Jacobs, who came to Kauai from the Fiji Islands, where he had over twenty years' experience in the general merchandise business.

**Counting the Blessings**

Every foot of the road going from Koloa to Waimea is interesting. One passes along a good road, down into little hollows where the inevitable lit-

tle gardens grow, and up onto ridges where one has a view of the cane fields and the rows of pineapples that darken the hillsides. There are many little homes with most pleasant surroundings. Residents of this favored land become accustomed to the benefits which accrue from living in a land where the soil is rich, the climate kind, and the rainfall plentiful. They forget that there are lands, where gardens are not so easily grown, and where the orange, and the banana and the pine apples will not grow because the climate forbiddeth. They become accustomed to the flowers, and the grass that is always green, and is never burned brown by a pitiless summer sun. They should count their many blessings, one by one.

**Scent of the Pineapple**

From the summit of the road one again obtains glimpses of the sea. Down the winding road curving in and out and around about the shoulder of the hill, to the little village which has sprung up around the McBryde pineapple cannery, one detects the attractive odor of the pineapple long before he reaches the village. A hygienic cannery! What do you know about that! No fermenting fruit, no flies in the kettle, no honey bees in the syrup! The pineapples are allowed to ripen to the required state before they are brought to the cannery. There they are cored and trimmed by machinery to the exact size for the can. Then they pass along an endless belt where a stream of water is thrown over them to remove any possible speck of dirt. The fruit is all handled with rubber gloves, so that the human hand does not come into contact with it after it has been pared and cored. It also travels on endless belts to the machine which automatically fastens on the cover. This is accomplished without the use of solder. From thence it travels to the cooking vats, where it is subjected to a heat of 210 degrees. This not only cooks the fruit, but evaporates some of the water of vegetation. The cans are allowed to cool, the steam is naturally condensed, and this results in the formation of a vacuum of sufficient power to clamp the lids on very tightly.

**Red and Rugged Hanapepe**

Up the hill beyond, with the scent of the pineapples still lingering in the air. Down the road between luxurious cane fields to the edge of the wonderful Hanapepe canyon, with its red and rugged walls, and the stream at the bottom looking like a silver thread in the sunlight. A great volume of water must have rushed down that canyon some time in the past, to carve out such a deep gap in the table land. The bottom of the canyon is spread out like a map, with its little squares of land devoted to rice and taro out lined like a checker board. Cocoa trees hug the bases of the cliffs, or grow gladly by the side of the little river which winds its way to the ocean but a few miles below. Houses peep out from beneath the trees, and gardens gather round the homes. It is one of nature's beauty spots which lovers of charming scenery would go far to see.

**Rain Falls and is Never Weary**

The canyon extends far back into the mountain, to a point where the water pours over a fall several hundred feet in height. From that point the mountain uprears grandly and precipitously to a height of over five thousand feet, and hides its head in a bank of white clouds, in ordinary weather, though the heavy laden rain clouds often cling to its shoulders, and mantle it down to the lower foothills. For be it known that there are summits where the rain falls and is never weary.

An auto road extends along the rim of the canyon for a distance of several miles, after which there is a trail, which leads thither away through tangled vines and broad-leaved plants, to thickets of kukui, and a wilderness of vegetation which drips with moisture. There are few people who ever reach the summits of any of the higher mountains. The paths are devious, where there are any paths, and one needs a Hawaiian guide to avoid difficulties.

**Where Coconuts Grow**

Down the winding road to the bottom of the valley, where the coconuts grow, and flowers blow, and mangoes ripen in golden sun. Many beauty spots there, where the winding river winds its way. Formerly the romantic and attractively shaped Hawaiian canoes, with their outriggers, could be seen going up and down the stream, and down to its mouth and out to sea. But alas! the Hawaiians now paddle not because they are not. The majority of those who owned little kuleanas, or homesteads, have removed to the larger cities, and rent their lands to the more thrifty and more enterprising Japanese.

The Hawaiians, alas, are disappearing. The birth rate among Hawaiians is not large, and the older ones are passing away. They are disappearing as the dew before the morning sun. Their kings are gone, the queen is dead, and but a mere vestige remains of all the royal household. It is very pathetic.

**The Wreck on the Beach**

Down at the mouth of the river, now choked with sand, lies the wreck of the four-masted schooner Good Fortune. She is a staunch looking vessel, but her skipper, running before a gale, attempted to enter the mouth of the little river, and piled her up on the sandy beach. One cannot but wonder who named her.

**Woodman Spare That Tree**

At Eleele village by the river there is a wilderness of cocoa trees, in sweet confusion growing, struggling to find localities where the ruthless hand of man may not invade. To cut down a cocoa tree on Kauai should be made a crime. It is a crime. It should be made punishable with forty years in jail. To plant groves of them should be considered a public benefaction. On the mainland men pay as high as a thousand dollars an acre for land in localities where the soil and climate have proven suitable for the growth of certain fruit trees. Here we have along the coast line and on the banks

of many streams the ideal conditions for the growth of the coconut. Yet but few groves have been planted, while the original trees have been cut ruthlessly away, in many places, to make room for a hog pen, a hen coop, or a hut for a haole or a Hawaiian.

**Stop Soil Erosion**

On Kauai rain falls when it pleases, out it pleases to fall most copiously on the northern and eastern sides of the island. In the eons that are gone, the rainfall must have been far more plentiful than it is now. For every mountain shows by the V-shaped ridges which adorn their sides that torrential rains must have fallen some time in the distant past. Even at this time, when the rainfall is only about fifty inches per annum, and at some points less, one sees patches on the hillsides where rains have washed away the soil. As the face of the land is everywhere covered with a carpet of green, except where barancas occur, the red spots of soil erosion on the hillsides are very noticeable.

Some day the government will awake to the necessity for re-rolling the spots with grass and shrubs. The present generation is very busy making money, and cares not a fig for the coming generations, and is not interested in conditions which may prevail a few hundred years from now.

**Winding Roads, Changing Scenes**

Along the sloping fields adjacent to the seashore, there are many water courses, so that roads necessarily follow the sinuosities. This results in many winding roads which in sweeping curves around the hills and descend to the water courses, over bridges, and up again to the table lands.

One sees along the water courses many little homes, the surroundings of which are of great beauty. There are none so poor in Kauai that they may not have a few papaya trees in the door yard, which will supply all of that fruit that a family can eat. A very small patch of taro will feed a large family. A few cocoa trees add considerable in the way of food products, and bananas bear heavily everywhere, growing wild by the roadside and along the streams. Vegetables will grow anywhere, in this land of passing showers. Yet water largely increases the crops by making the plant food available, and nearly every garden is irrigated.

At Eleele one finds a postoffice, and two large stores, the McBryde Sugar Company's store, of which K. Rochdahl is manager, and J. I. Silva's. Silva also has a store at Kalaheo. Silva has been in business in this district a quarter of a century, and knows what the trade demands and how to supply it. He's a live wire, is Silva.

Down the road to the left one finds an attractively laid out little village, with wide streets, homes with wide lanais, set well back from the street, beneath umbrageous shade trees, with lawns and flowers on either side of the path.

Here, too, are the headquarters of the Makaweli plantation, with the mill, laboratory, and all the appurtenant structures that hover around a hacienda. Here is a postoffice, school and a hospital of some renown. And one of the most extensive merchandise stores on that side of the island.

Along the shore where the breakers roar, and the sampans ride the waves. Up a grade to the highlands again.

Down the grade to the Olekele canyon, where the turbulent waters of the mountains reach tidewater and become tame, and flow softly and almost imperceptibly to the sea. On the Waimea side of the stream there are many cocoa trees, and up the river romantic spots that are indeed charming. Artists and photographers find from the mouth of Olekele canyon to the beetling crags of the deep, steep canyon that rushing waters carved from the mountain side centuries ago, subjects worthy of their greatest art. It is a picture no artist can do justice to. And photography can only give a mere intimation of the many beauties of the wonderful section. For Olekele canyon is very grand, very beautiful, and very charming.

Now through the clustering cottages and stores that align the roadway to Waimea the Great. Here is a town located on a tract large enough to accommodate a large city. Sufficiently elevated to be safe from any roads from the ocean, yet quite near the beach, where there is fine bathing, boating, fishing. Here are quite a number of stores, a postoffice, a bank, a hotel, a garage, and a large number of smaller enterprises. C. B. Hofgaard has the principal store, and is one of the big men of Waimea.

A few miles beyond Waimea are the Barking Sands, which, in dry weather, give out a peculiar sound when the sand is disturbed.

And still further beyond, there are jutting headlands, uplifting mountains, sandy beaches, weird rock shapes, and a wilderness of wonders.

**Through Air to Molokai**

Major Clark, the army aviator, flew from Honolulu to Molokai, last Friday, and returned without alighting. That would have been considered a very wonderful feat, a few years ago. It has not in reality ceased to be such. Very wonderful improvements have been made in aeroplanes within the past three years. One of the greatest difficulties to contend with has been to secure a perfect engine. However, a carburetor that would work under all conditions of temperature was more important. Gasoline does not behave as well at a height of ten thousand feet as it does at sea level, and motors have often ceased to work in the thinner air of great heights. Aeroplanes that are capable of flying more than a mile a minute are now quite plentiful, while the sea plane handled by Major Clark can speed away at the rate of ninety miles an hour. Some of the planes now in use in Europe can make a hundred and twenty miles an hour. Thus it will be well within the limit of possibilities for planes to bring mail from Honolulu to Kauai in less than an hour. And it will be done beyond a doubt, when the war ends, and the many planes now owned by the United States are released for mail service.

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